## A Dangerous Experiment. By C. K. Alden.

at the first opportunity. He went on seculiar about my appearance, that I hould closely resemble another young roman; so closely that I was mistaken at the dusk for a Miss Arnold. It oused me from my condition of apathy ind gave just the impetus I needed.

The fact was that though I was caroely in the twenties, I was discussed with life, or was it my composite surroundings? Hawing once hade up my mind that in a new attacked up my mind that in a new attacked up my mind that in a new attacked until I had the means of scape and was on the threshold of ny new life; I was taking my first walk a a strange city.

"Miss Arnold-Shirleyf" a young man with fair hair, blue eyes behind giasses, decidedly reddish mustache and even, white teeth had grasped my hand be-

T was not singular, perhaps, with the present mode of dress, fashionable gait, and pompadour hair-dress, and the fact that there was nothing "Since I have made up my mind never every the since we rowed on Fathomless Lake to be since we rowed on Fathomless Lake to be since we rowed on Fathomless Lake in the Gazetteer your statement of the first opportunity. He went on:
"Since I have made up my mind never every the first opportunity."



"MISS ARNOLD-SHIRLEY!

. . fore I could prevent him, and still ber—some things.

"I must go home," I said, fearing were the interview too long I might betray myself. So we went home-

"T am"— Before I could finish my sentence, as I intended—"not Miss Arnold"— he exclaimed: "Of course you are surprised to see me and all that: I may have seemed indifferent, but I have hunted the streets, the hotel registers, the society columns of the Sunday newspapers. I am lucky for once!"

"But I fear"— "But I fear"— "But I fear"— "But I fear"— "The interim I care nothing. That is a dream, a nightmare. We are together."

I was fond of adventure, but thus far life lihal been tame. There was a spirit of mischief in me despite my despondency. I would listen awhile, and when I had to retreat I knew he would charge it up to a young girl's caprice rather than to boldness.

"As usual," he said, "you let me do all the talking."

"You are equal to it," I replied, wandering why my voice did not beiray fine. "You are equal to it," I replied, wandering why my voice did not beiray fine. "You are equal to it," I replied, wandering why my voice did not beiray fine. "You are equal to it," I replied, wandering why my voice did not beiray fine. "You are equal to it," I replied, wandering why my voice did not beiray fine. "You are equal to it," I replied, wandering why my voice is deeper, richer; it was always sweet."

"Thank you," I said, bowing low in acknowledgment.

"I knew you by your gait, partly." (So I walked like Miss Arnold). "I don't believe there's another girl in this city has that modest yet independent bearing." I knew one, Miss Arnold, whose admirer I was fast appropriating. We were passing under a gaslight now:

FIERCE FIGHT IN AIR sentence, as I intended—"not Miss Ar-nold"— he exclaimed: "Of course you

### FIERCE FIGHT IN AIR

Worsted in Fistic Battle, One Man

ond street yesterday afternoon were startled by seeing two men on the ele-Third avenue to the Grand Central De- en, President and Secretary of the Dela-

go again.

They were trackmen employed by the Manhattan Railway Company, and they had thrown down their tools to settle their differences with their fists. While they fought in mid-air a big crowd gathered beneath and shouted to them, but they appeared too infuriated to pay beed. heed.
Suddenly one of the fighters was knocked prone. When he arose he had a heavy hammer in his hand which he he seized from his kit. He rushed at the other man and dealt him a blow on the head with it. His opponent fell like a log. The man wno struck him, overcome by remorse, then picked up his assailant and carried him to the

Surety Officials Remanded.

Robert L. Martin and Harry Veithus-



FIERCE FIGHT IN AIR

WATCHED BY CROWD,

Worsted in Fistle Battle, One Man

Fractured Other's Skull

with Hammer.

Persons passing along East Forty-second street yesterday afternoon were

Grand Central Depot. There he surrendered himself. He was Harry Caster, of No. 601 First avenue. The man he had struck was Martin Linstong, of No. 318 Eighth avenue.

Caster was locked up in the Grand Central Police Station, and Linstong was taken to Flower Hospital, where the surgeons said his skull was fractured and his condition precarious.

Third avenue about midway between the men were about midway between stations and were alone on the tracks. Both appeared to be powerful, and they dealt each other terrific blows with their flats. Occasionally one anocked the other down and then would wait for him to rise. Then at it they would go again.

Tackmen employed by the granted writs of habeas corpus.

Dr. Lyon's Used by people of refinement

and a name all the better; you can take mine."

I did, and have never regretted it, except when I am unmercifully teased about my success in the role of Miss Arnold. Miss Arnold, the real, by the way, acted as bridesmald; every one thought we were twin sisters.

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Men's Long Overcoats.

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Boys' Overcoats.

# "Don't, don't!" I cried; "you don't know who you are talking to. I'm an impostor, a deceitful wretch! My name is not Arnold! I never set eyes on you until that night we met in Main street, and I've acted a lie ever since." In place of the look of horror I expected to see, a smile rippled, then a hearty laugh came. He evidently thought I was trying to amuse him. "It is true," said I, walking away from him. "Every word is true. The real Mise Arnold, the girl you love, lives on Beaumont avenue. I talked with her this very aftermoon," "I like the artificial one best," he said. "The only fault I have to find with you is that you think me stupid. I do not know as I shall ever forsive that. Did you honestly think I believed you were Miss Arnold after the very first minute of our acquaintance? You interested me when I saw my mistake, and in the absence of the real Miss Arnold I cuitty at the sham one. Twas a dangerous experiment, but ends happily for both of us, if you are not obstinate. Must I protest that I love you for yourself alone? If you have no local habitation and a name all the better; you can take mine." I did, and have never regretted it.

Much talk, little worth, about sums up the average advertisement. We don't gush-we believe in measuring out an honest dollar's worth to every one-and in most cases more. There are a thousand values here to back this, too. Some few below are brilliant examples, and everything is of the newest and freshest and most desirable-because this is a new store, just

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Ladies' Raglans.

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Made of black and Oxford friegra, heavy and warm long and loose.

Worth

42 inches long, made of fine kersey, in black, castor ten; handsomely stituled und tallocd, Stied or Done acks Made of fine black and blue kerseys, satin fined through out

Girls' Recfers.

Double-breasted style, sizes 4 to 15, made of heavy to 14, in blue, red and castor, heavy melton, braided shoulder capes.

Worth \$1.50

Girls' Automobile Coats.

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Boys' Overcoats.

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Society Wear—The Theatre, Club, Palls, Receptions, Weddings—fashionable affairs follow fast on each other, and a full dress or a semi-dress suit is almost indispensable. We show a handsome line correctly patterned. Vicunas, Thibets and Unfinished Worsteds. Tuxedo Conts and Vests, \$12.50 to \$30.00. Full Dress, \$18.00 to \$35.00. Prince

### Youths' Stylish Clothing.

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Boys' \$6.00, \$5.00 and \$4.00 Suits for \$2.98 Poys' \$6.50 and \$7.50 Overcoats for \$4.98 Strictly all-wool fabrics; Cassimeres, Serges and Cheviots well Strictly all wool and fast colors. Russian Blouse Overcoats, 3 to made and handsomely trimmed. Vestee, Blouse and Norfolk 8, of Plue, Brown, Red and No e Karseys; matchable belts, em-

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